GAME

BEST BREASTS MAGAZINE

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2 GIANT BOOB POSTERS

Supergal Zoey
THE BEST THERE IS!

CAITLIN THE BIG WHOPPER FROM WALES!

TRACI A SOUTHERN BELLE WITH BIG MAGNOLIAS

JUMBO JUGS! A BLESSING OR A BURDEN?

DOLLY-D-CUP JOINS A TRIBE OF CAVE GIRLS

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FE MAIL

TIT FREAK

Dear Game,
While many males are into women's legs, I am proud to admit I have always been a breast man. I think a lot has to do with my earlier days when my mother breast fed me. I believe the image must have registered in my subconscious, because my mother had exceptionally large breasts. A pair of large knockers now can get me stiffer than anything else.

All through high school my desires intensified and all I did was sit and look at the girls' breasts. I went to all the football games even though I hated the sport, just so I could see the cheerleaders bouncing up and down, their tits moving in unison with their movements. I often fantasized I was lying in bed with them, my cock pressed between their tits.

I really hadn't met too many big breasted women and dated them. That was until I met Shelly in a bar one evening. From clear across the room, I could see her tits that stood out like twin statues. It was as though a magnet was drawing me over toward them. I asked this girl her name and she said it was Shelly. I bought her a drink and we got to know each other a little better.

As we sat there talking, I had a hell of a time concentrating on the conversation at hand. I kept lowering my gaze to her breasts. I was just about to ask her back to my apartment when she asked me back to hers. She must have been as interested in me as I was in her.

When we got to her place, we had a few more drinks. We both sat on the couch together. Suddenly Shelly put her hands down at her sides and told me, "Go ahead, they're all yours."

"I beg your pardon," I replied, not knowing exactly what she was referring to.

"You're a breast man, I can tell that. You were nearly slobbering all over your shirt in the bar. Go ahead and play with them."

It was quite a relief to hear that, a woman who not only understood my fixation, but who was openly encouraging me. I unbuttoned her blouse, peeling it off her shoulders. I saw a frilly black lace bra underneath. I don't know how in the world it managed to hold her breasts inside the cups. Shelly was so top-heavy it's a wonder her breasts didn't burst through the bra's flimsy fabric.

My hands were trembling as I unhooked her bra. All mind, I thought to myself, as her tits spilled free. They were pendulous and awe-inspiring, nearly qualifying as the eight wonder of the world.

"Take your time," she said. "We've got all night." I placed my tongue against her nipples and licked at them. Shelly let out a soft sigh. With tits that large, they must have been extremely sensitive.

Recalling my childhood breast-feeding days, I imagined Shelly was my mother and I was drinking her milk. I took more of her breast inside my mouth, as much as humanly possible without gagging. Her nipples grew very stiff under my probing tongue. "Keep sucking," she purred. "I love it."

After her left breast was sufficiently stimulated, I moved to the right one, giving her more of the same. I was a man obsessed, fulfilling my ultimate fantasy. Ten minutes later, she led me by the hand into her bedroom. She didn't have to take off her jeans because she knew her breasts were the main objects of my attention.

I undressed and quickly climbed onto the bed. I moved up on the bed until my cock was resting in the crevice between her breasts. I had every intention of tit fucking her. Shelly pressed her tits together, creating a warm valley for my cock to lay in. I began humping her as if I was inside her pussy. The friction between cock and breasts was almost causing sparks to fly. I felt pleasurable sensations speeding through my prick, knowing it would only be a matter of time until I exploded.

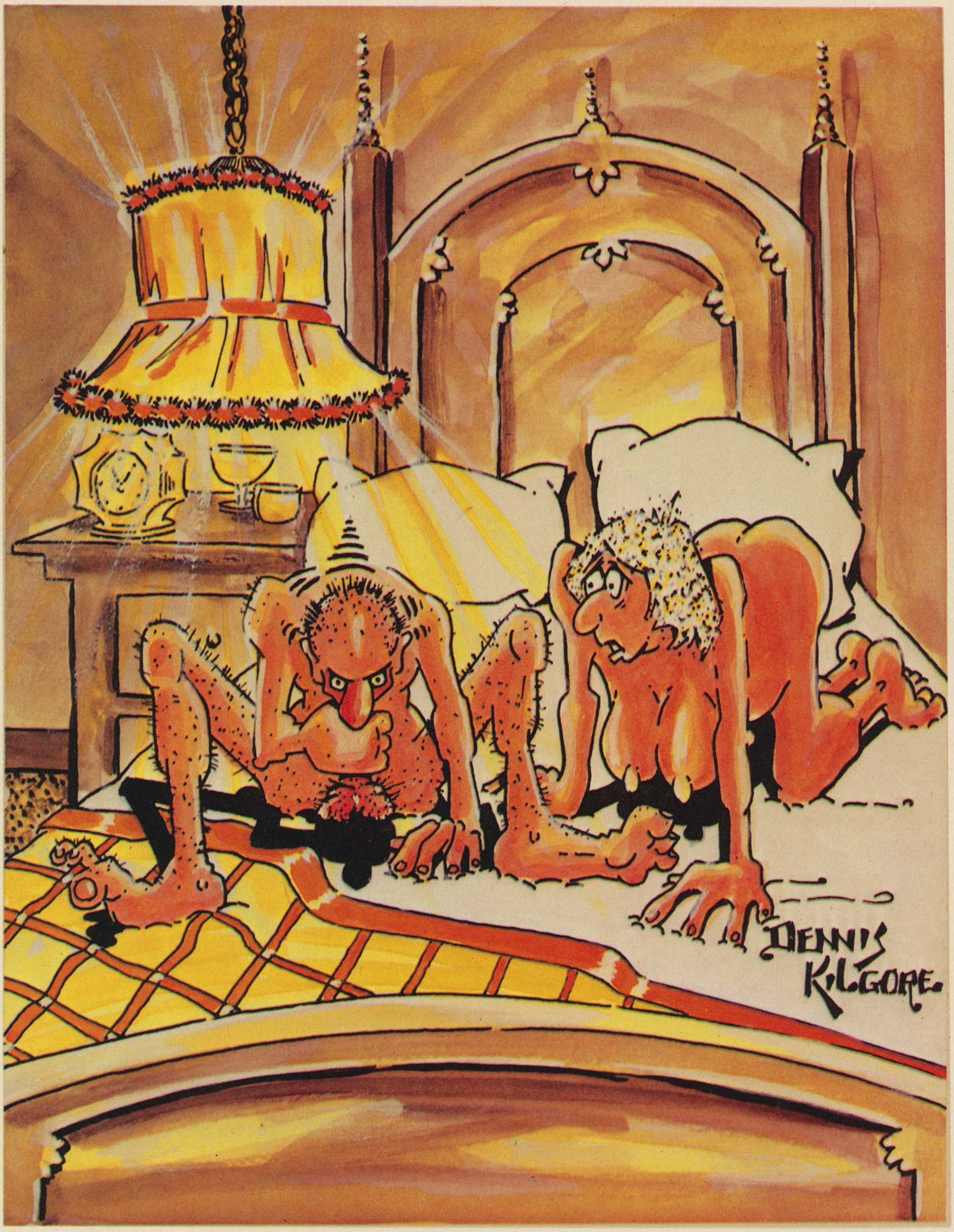
Sure enough, a couple of minutes later, I came. I drew my cock back a couple of inches so I could splatter my semen all over her tits. I hit her nipples square on as Shelly squealed with delight. My cock was like a tap that wouldn't shut off. After my erection ended, she took her fingers and massaged the cum into her tits. As she spread it over every inch of her breasts, she had a wicked orgasm of her own.

That night was only the beginning of our breast games. She loves it when I do everything imaginable to her breasts, and I love it, too. Shelly definitely has the best breasts in the west!

—Hank, Oregon

A LEGAL PRACTICE

Dear Game,
I have been a keen reader of GAME for some time and love the subject matter as I am unashamedly a big boobs fancier. What intrigues me is that GAME is a great social leveller as its readers come from all walks of society. I am a senior partner in a law practice, a stuffy profession you may think, but it doesn't prevent me from being an afficionado of the big bust. Professors as well as painters have affection for big boobs.



"You're bored with me...aren't you George?"

Recently I had a case that was most interesting. I was representing a woman in a divorce who was trying to prove cruelty against her husband. This woman was a big lovely lady of 35 years of age with at least a 44" bust. Her complaint was that he had a breast fetish and couldn't make love to her properly unless he indulged in a considerable amount of breast play and subjected her to some weird treatment.

This consisted of having her nipples blow up with a breast pump and engorged with blood. Her breasts were then covered with a white body make up, the surrounds painted red and the nipples jet black. He would then tie them up tightly with a thin cord cutting into her flesh, forcing the tops of her breasts to stand out in tight cones. He would then suck and bit at them for hours, making them sore and bleeding.

Another favorite scene for him was for her to lean right over the side of the bed with her tits dangling like huge cow udders. He would then milk her like a cow, pulling and stretching her teats almost down to the floor.

Part of her complaint was that she had developed a huge bust through this treatment with gigantic nipples like dark plums.

I had to ask her if she wanted all this to come out and whether she could prove any of her complaints. She said she had better show me and demonstrate what was done.

Fortunately, at the time I was alone in my office and not expecting anyone to disturb us. My client removed her blouse and bra and stood before me with her incredibly large bust quivering provocatively. She cupped her gigantic tits in her hands and lifted them up.

"Look!" she said, "this is what he's done to them...they're far too large."

"No! No!" I protested. "They're wonderful, quite the finest breasts I have ever seen."

She smiled at my compliment but plucking at her nipples with her fingers she said, "Yes, but look, what about the nipples. See how thick and black they have become."

The dark thumb sized nipples looked absolutely succulent.

"Oh my goodness, don't complain about your nipples. They're beautiful, they would drive any man wild with desire."

By now I was hardly talking with a solicitor. I just could not contain my enthusiasm for her fantastic body.

"That's very flattering but I think he has made them far too big with all his pulling and sucking."

"No, really, you have nothing to worry about, you should feel extremely proud of your breasts."

"But they really become absolutely enormous when they are pulled. Let me demonstrate how he used to hurt and humiliate me then you will understand.

She leaned over and placed her hands on the side of my desk allowing her massive tits to swing like two great udders. "I had to stand like this while he pulled and milked them. If you take hold of them and pull the teats down in a milking action, I'll give you an idea how hard he pulled. It was really cruel."

Tentatively...but by no means reluctantly...I took hold of her nipples between my thumb and forefinger and pulled down lightly on her tits.

"Harder, pull much harder! Squeeze them hard!"

I pulled on her nipples, stretching her tits as they engorged to an enormous size. It was beyond my experience that nipples could grow so large.

She became excited and animated. With a sensuous ecstatic smile she breathlessly urged me.

"Pull them harder...much, much harder! Go on, it doesn't hurt me. George pulled them harder than that. Go on and try to tear them off!" Gasping with delight her face was a picture of animal lust as she threw her back her head and wailed.

"Pull. Oh, my God, pull, stretch them to the ground...OOooooh that's lovely!

She was positively beside herself with abandonment and it was not quite obvious to me that far from objecting to her husband's attention it was she who had the breast fetish. I have never seen anyone so turned on.

As I knelt beside her holding her nipples in a cowman's grip as though milking a cow, I pulled down on her tits so hard I thought I must surely be causing her agonies, but still she shouted for more.

Her excitement reached a peak when she started throwing her bottom back up in the air as if trying to impale it onto something just like a female cat when she's in heat.

Suddenly she screamed at me. "For God sake, fuck me quickly! Quickly, I can't wait any longer!"

She whipped off her tights and pants and knelt on the carpet with her bottom offered up to me.

Well, although I'm in my late 50s and a little bit past it, plus being very aware of my legal obligations I needed no further bidding. I mounted her from behind and as I thrust into her she bucked violently then collapsed forward moaning as she orgasmed. Almost at once I came. Laying face downward on the carpet she moaned rythmically in pleasure.

I rolled off her and lay on the carpet alongside her. After a short while she recovered and knelt over me dropping her gigantic tits over my face.

"Suck them for me please, just suckle them for a while."

Even though I was quite spent, that was an offer I couldn't refuse and I was soon gobbling hungrily at the magnificent nipples. It wasn't long before she became excited again and to stimulate me she began rubbing her breasts around my limp penis and licking at my knob. Much to my surprise, because I'm normally aonce a week man, I found myself erect and ready to go again.

This time she squatted over me, facing

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Caitlin

"Whoppers From Wales"

This month our amateur comes all the way from Wales, that tiny country tucked away atop Great Britain. Shy, rosy-cheeked Caitlin grew up in one of those remote green valleys Wales is noted for, on a dairy farm, which is appropriate considering the size of her own milkers.

Like most sheltered country girls, Caitlin had her dreams of big city life, wealthy men, and fame. Unlike most sheltered country girls, she had the "get up and go" necessary to make those dreams come true. Taking her small stash of savings (including some gold pieces inherited from her grandfather), Caitlin hopped the bus for London and proceeded to land not just one job, but two.

It was a photographer at the art school who suggested that Caitlin pose for a nude photo layout. She did, and then he sent it to us. In a note he said that Caitlin feared that her pink-and-white country girl body had a bit too much extra flesh on it. He didn't agree, and neither did we. In fact, we think Caitlin's body is one of the most voluptuous and luscious that we've seen in a long time—especially its crowning glory, those firm, round, succulent, pink-nippled titties, which are a work of art in themselves. Don't you agree?

GAME

Presents

BIZARRE EXPERIENCES

"I'm Coming!"

The bar was crowded, noisy and hot. Bill and I shouldered our way through to an empty corner table.

"Is this anonymous enough for you, then?" I asked him.

The corners of his mouth twitched into something that might have been a grin but could equally well have passed for agony.

"Just as long as there's nobody Shirley and I know here, it'll do," he said miserably. "The cow's painted me as the guilty party to everyone and they all believe her."

I wasn't surprised. Shirley's the most innocently attractive looking bird I've ever met, but inside she's as hard as nails. The only desire she ever managed to inspire in me was to put her over my knee and spank her shapely ass, just for its own sake, not because it turns me on. I shrugged my shoulders.

"Oh, boy,". I said. "You really do have a case of the blues. What we both need is a stiff drink."

I pushed through to the bar to get a couple of whiskies. As I waited for service, the bird sitting on the nearest stool looked up and smiled. She was a classy looking chick, but regretfully, I had to turn her unspoken offer down. Just before picking up the drinks I patted her nylon-clad thigh.

"Not tonight. Maybe another time?"

VERATIONS

She implied agreement with a slight nod of her head. Then her left hand came up, and she ran her fingers fleetingly down the front of my shirt to the waistband of my jeans. I grinned and winked, mentally cursing Bill and his ex-wife, but as I was resigned to my duty of cheering up Bill, I turned and moved back to the table.

Bill looked a bit chirpier, and I recognized his thoughful expression.

"Nice bit of cheesecake that," he said speculatively. "Great legs."

This was more like the Bill I used to know. I jerked my head in her direction. "Want to go and chat her up?" I asked.

"I should be so lucky. She'd probably slap my face, but I wouldn't mind getting a better look at her legs."

"No harm in asking her over," I said. "But I'd make it clear it's you who's interested."

She was looking at us still, so I beckoned her over.

As she uncrossed her long legs and slipped down off the tall stool, her short skirt rode up her thighs, exposing stocking tops and creamy skin. She glided over to us, her red painted lips pursed in a provocative pout. She had a slender waist, and an ass that wiggled just sufficiently enough to really turn a man on.

Bill's whiskey went down his throat in one gulp, his eyes fastened on her legs. It was always easy to see that Bill was basically a "leg man."

Now me, I'm crazy about big boobs. Point me in the direction of a pair of ample milk glands and I go kind of wild. So I was a little disappointed to see that this bird's were nothing to write home about. They looked to be well formed and shapely, but hardly overflowing handfuls.

Well, you can't expect perfection, I thought, feeling my cock stiffen at the thought of what I'd like to do to her. I wondered how far my task of cheering up Bill should be carried.

"Do sit down," Bill said, his voice a shade higher than usual, as he moved sideways to give her room to sit on the bench beside him.

"How are you doing boys?" she asked, treating the both of us to a wide, sexy grin. "I've got a friend coming in a few minutes. Do you mind if she joins us?"

"If she looks like you she's more than welcome," I replied.

"Then I'll sit down," she said. She hitched her skirt up a little and sat next to Bill, her left leg just touching his. Bill swallowed nervously, cleared his throat, and remained silent.

There was a sudden stir at the doorway, as a girl walked in. And what a girl! About six feet tall, a mass of blonde curls, beautiful face and the biggest pair of knockers you've ever set your eyes upon.

"Holy Cow," I murmured in appreciative awe.

This goddess in human form swept the room with a dark smoky gaze, then she spotted our companion.

"Hi, Dianne," she called huskily.

All eyes were on her as she walked towards us. Somebody let out a sharp wolf whistle. The men parted reluctantly to let her through. I watched her big tits in fascination. They were nearly spilling out over the top of her dress.

"God help me if she bends over," I thought. I could feel my palms itching to grab a handful of that ripe flesh, to squeeze and mould it beneath my fingers. A lesser prick might have quailed at the enormity of her fleshy orbs. Mine was threatening to burst through its restraining zip.

"Dianne—fellas," she said and lowered herself into the chair next to me.

I eased the crotch of my jeans. "Pardon me if I don't stand up," I said, seeing her gaze on the movement of my hands.

"Aren't you finding it a bit uncomfortable?" she teased, fluttering her long black eyelashes at me. "Wouldn't you like to do something with it?" Her innocent tone contrasted with the gleam in her dark eyes.

"Shall I tell you what I'd like to do with it?" I asked looking intently at her tits.

"Not here," she giggled. "My place; and I'd like a drink first." I nudged Bill with my foot.

"What'll you have?" we asked in unison.

We didn't need to discuss our plan of campaign. Bill ran his tongue around his dry lips.

"The sooner I get my dick up that Diane the better I'll feel," he whispered as we paid for the drinks.

The girls had obviously made their plans. Dianne snuggled up to Bill, putting an arm around his waist and whispering in his right ear. I don't know what she said to him, but it was the first time I'd ever seen him blush.

I tried without success to keep my eyes away from those twin mounds of pleasure while we finished our drinks. It seemed an interminable time before Babs and Dianne got up to go. My six feet two inches just gave me an edge on my companion, but I felt rake thin beside her amply covered curves. Stares and whispers followed us across the room.

"Lucky bastard," said one guy nudging me as we passed. I thought so too.

Babs said her place was only a short car journey away. We piled into my mini. Babs filled the front with flesh and heady perfume. Bill and Dianne wasted no time in getting to grips in the back, while Babs started to run her fingers up and down my legs and over the hard bulge that was my cock, impatient to be let loose.

"Lay off, darling," I said finally. "Or I'll come in my pants."

"That'd be a waste," she replied. Her fingers closed on my zip pulling it down. Hands fished about in my pants and pulled my prick out. I had no time for protest, before her soft lips slid over the tip. The car almost mounted the pavement in my surprise. Unable to control it, I came at once. She drank my juice without batting an eyelid.

"There's a box of tissues in the glove compartment," I said, surprised at how steady my voice sounded.

She tidied me up and tucked old John Thomas into my pants again. After a while she sat back, folding her long fingered hands in her lap. At least that's what I thought she was doing, until she started to give out small moans, and her body began to shake, sending those beautiful boobs bouncing. I realized she was finger-fucking herself. I reached a hand sideways to frig her, but she guided it

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"Belly Dancing is the Best for my Breasts!"

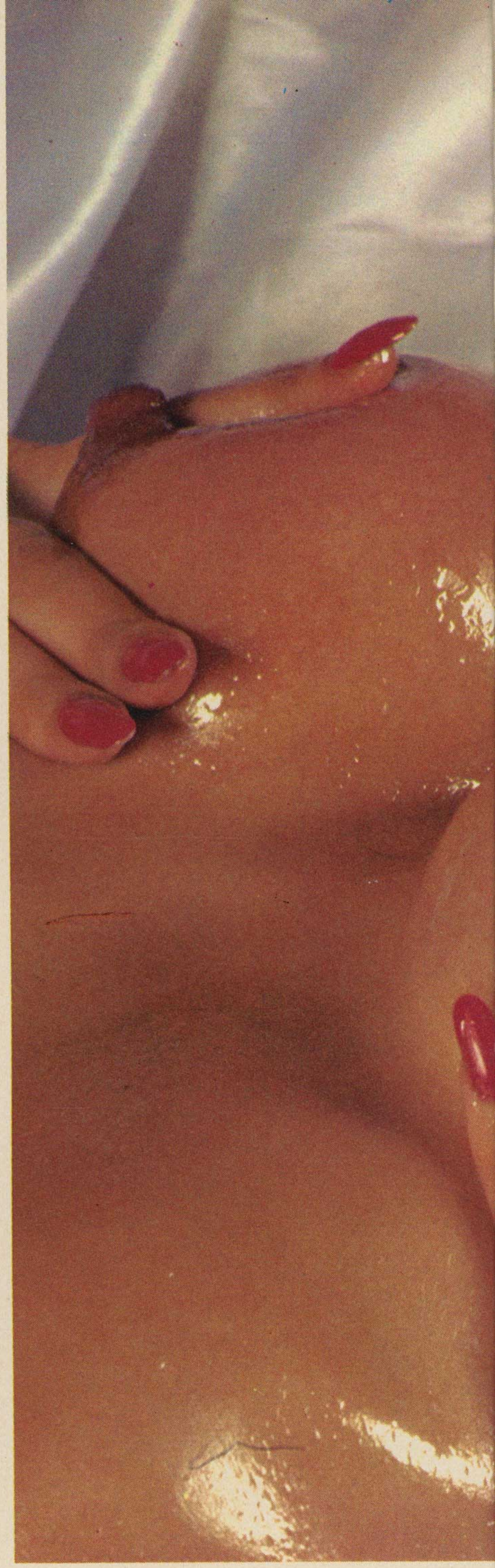
Linda

Shalimar is the stage name of this petite young charmer from Paterson, New Jersey. Face to face, Linda appeared too young to be legal tender for a men's magazine, but when we raised the issue, she quickly pulled out a driver's license which proved she had turned 21 a couple of months before.

"I'm sick and tired of looking younger than my age," she told us. "It gives me hassles in my profession, which is Belly Dancing. I'm not some barroom bimbo, you know. I graduated from high school, which is more than a lot of my friends can say—and with good grades, too. Then I went to a Dance Academy—one of the best in he area—and took just about every course they offered. I loved Belly Dancing right from the start. I feel that it makes the most of my assets and brings out the best in me. I have hips that naturally love to swivel, a belly and ass that are firm but rounded—and tits that are just big enough to bounce and jiggle without appearing obscene.

"It is my success as a Belly Dancer that gives me the courage to pose for these photos. I know the guys in the Jersey clubs where I work love to see my tits and my ass moving about a mile a minute while my belly undulates up and down like a snake. When I'm dancing, my tits get so excited that they put on a show of their own. As I move around and bounce them up and down, the nipples get all hard and round and poking out—especially when I shake them in men's faces.

"The excitement in my tits travels down my belly to my pussy as I dance, and sometimes I have an orgasm right there in my harem pants, with no one knowing. What really turns me on is knowing that the way I am moving my body is exciting the men in the audience, making them get hard-ons and making them shove money into my bra and harem pants. If a guy is ballsy enough to ask me to go home with him after the show, I usually do it—mainly because I'm so horny by then!"



Lucy

Anyone lucky enough to visit the circus may be doubly lucky in getting an eyeful of the luscious Petra—taming lions no less! Petra has a favorite fantasy which involves a lion-taming innovation no one else has ever used—nor likely ever will!

"Often when I'm practicing, it gets awfully hot, what with the sawdust and the spotlights, and there's nothing I'd like better than to strip to the waist like some of the laborers; though you can imagine the effect it would have. I'd probably be fired on the spot!"

"It's when I see those lions licking their lips that I get to thinking what a turn on it would be if I could sink my breasts into those cavernous jaws. Holding that powerful mouth open while a massive tongue licked my nipples like a giant wet flannel, would be the epitome of bliss!

"I know it sounds dreadfully kinky, but I don't think I could ever summon up the courage to try it, even if I had the opportunity. I mean, it is a bit fool-hardy to say the least!"

Well, there's always room for innovation, but it seems a terrible waste to allow only the lions to reap the benefit of those creamy 41-inch handfuls of succulent desire. After all, it's not every circus that can boast such an incomparable double-act!

BIG TITS . . . A BLESSING OR A BURDEN?

How Women Really Feel About Having Jumbo Jugs

By Shane Williams

As a researcher and roving reporter who specializes in sexual subjects, I was excited about getting this assignment. I was even more excited about it as a red-blooded male and self-admitted tit-man. Go around asking women how they felt about having big tits? Aside from the risk of getting my face slapped, it seemed almost too good to be true, especially since I'd be getting paid to do it!

Well, like most things, this reportorial assignment wasn't quite as enjoyable and hassle-free as I imagined. To put it bluntly, it was damn hard work. First I had to track down femmes with big tits. That was the easy part. Then I had to get them to talk to me about their tits. That wasn't so easy, and I did come close to getting my face slapped a few times. But fortunately, there are some lovely ladies out there who have not only big chests, but big hearts to go along with them. Following are the words of these ladies, who are all ages and come from all walks of life. I'd like to take the opportunity here and now to say "Thank you for sharing your innermost thoughts about your tits—and I love each and every one of you."

Stella, 38, is a waitress at a truck-stop diner in Loveland, Texas. She is vivacious and good-natured, with a great sense of humor. "I've always enjoyed having big boobs," Stella told me, "even now that I'm losing the battle with gravity. Yep, the more you have the more they sag, and the bras I wear now are reinforced with steel! Yep, that's right. Not that the guys know that—I mean, it doesn't *show* or anything. The bras are still lowcut, sexy, push-up types, and I still unzip my uniform down far enough to show off my cleavage.

"I enjoy my big tits mainly because of the pleasure they seem to bring to men, both men I know and men who are just passing through the diner, passing through my life. But I always have a smile for them—and a glimpse of cleavage. I joke around about my big whoppers too, and I like it when the guys joke back.

"But I want to make it clear that there's no funny business going on. I'm happily married and have been for fifteen years. No one gets to touch my titties except for my husband Joe. The others just get to look at them—and fantasize if they want to! I figure that God gave me big tits—He created me—and I think of them as a blessing, and one that I share with others, within limits."

Shawn (not her real name) is a high-priced call girl who works in Washington, D.C. She is blonde, with a slim, long-legged body. But her most striking attribute is a pair of high-slung, pointy tits, size 38-DD.

"I used to hate having big tits when I was a teenager," Shawn confides. "I mean, males of all ages were constantly staring at them and making remarks. I was so shy back then that I

wanted to die of shame. But then later after I went to modeling school, I gained much more poise and even pride in my body and my appearance. I learned to stand up straight, throw my chest out and practically flaunt what I had up front, but in a ladylike way.

"Then when I went from model to call girl, I realized what an asset big boobs could be in my profession. Certain of my clients, who are from really high places, come to me mainly because of my mammaries. They really get off on doing things to my tits, playing with them, sucking on them, even fucking them. It's funny, because as big as they are, my boobs are really not very sensitive. I lie back and let my clients do whatever they want to my titties, but the only thing that gets me hot enough to come is prolonged stimulation of my clit. But like most hookers, I don't get my jollies with my customers; I get them in private, either by myself or with my lovers, who are both male and female, by the way.

"At this point in my life my big tits are definitely a blessing, because they enable me to make a lot of money," Shawn concludes.

Tanya, a topless dancer who works at a topless club in New Orleans, has nothing but good things to say about her tits. "I love having big whopper boobs, and I have loved them from the first moment that they sprouted. I have always felt that my big tits were a blessing—one that could get me all the guys I wanted, the best guys, the cutest, sexiest guys.

"Throughout my life I have often been called a slut by other women, but I know that's because they were jealous of my mams and also my men. I had more of both mams and men than they did. But see, I always loved sex, and I loved my big tits because through them I could lure lovers—lots and lots of hot stud lovers.

"I'm 22 now, and I just love being a stripper and topless dancer. I want this career of mine to last as long as possible, so I'm very good to my body. I eat healthy foods, I don't take drugs or drink, except for a little wine on occasion. I take vitamins and get plenty of sleep and exercise. I take herbal baths, get massages, and I pamper my titties in particular. I rub them with aloe vera gel, vitamin E oil, coconut butter, and I take milk baths.

"Give me your hand," Tanya said, and I did. Then—and this had to be the highlight of this entire assignment—she rubbed my hand over and over her supremely large, superbly round, incredibly supple and smooth breast mounds. She rubbed my hand over both of them, again and again, all the while crooning about how wonderful, how beautiful it was to be a woman with big breasts. I couldn't have agreed more...and I almost came in my pants. But I'm glad I didn't because after her amazing topless titty show, Tanya and I went out for a few drinks and then to my motel room where I pigged out on her lusciously large, sensuously smooth paps, not to mention her tight, slick, squeeze-box pussy, with its lush red-haired bush. Until then, I hadn't realized that Tanya's frizzy mane of flaming red hair was one hundred percent natural...

What's it like for a typical subur-

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Penelope & the Boss

So what if perky PENELOPE only types 15 words per minute? Her Bongos bounce around her boss's slick and horny snatch. Her mentor, Ms. B., is one of the fastest-rising executives in the Brokerage business. That's because Ms. B. understands that sex sells! Penelope knows she can learn a lot from Ms. B. —and maybe she can teach her a few things, too.

A SOUTHERN BELLE WITH BIG MAGNOLIA BLOSSOMS

TRACI

She's as easy on the eyes as magnolia blossoms, her soft, Southern accent pours out as sweet as Tupelo honey, and her sexy, coquettish manners would put Miss Scarlett O'Hara herself to shame.

Just being around her is like playing with fire. Once the spark ignites, the heat grows and grows until the flames are just too darn hot to put out. You have to pray then that Tracy, the Southern Belle personified, will put out—and put you out of your agony.

Her charm is complete. . .and yet mystifying. One minute she's as sweet and gooey as pecan pie—and the next minute she packs the same tartness and punch as a Mint Julep. One minute she's taking off all her clothes, baring her breasts and brazenly cupping them for the camera, running her tongue over her lips, sexily wetting them—and the next minute she's pulling her panties back on, holding her legs together woodenly, and calling everyone in sight a sex maniac.

As you may have guessed, I'm speaking (or writing) both as a man and as a photographer. And finally, approaching the maddeningly desirable, irresistible and impossible Tracy as both, I discovered her powerful, yet very paltry secret.

Tracy is a tease.

I confronted her with it, and to my surprise she quickly confessed to her quirky hang-up. "I *am* a tease, honey. It's the thing that turns me on the most: pulling men to me, and then pushing them away. I like to do it over and over, until both he and myself are crazy from it. But it is an aphrodisiac, darling, as you well know. And I know just how far to push-pull it. I get men just about to the breaking point—the way you are now—as you stare at my bare boobs, the nipples all pointy, and stare at my legs opening and closing, my panty crotch all moist. But I know just when to stop, my darling, just when to stop teasing and let you do what you have been longing to do. . ."

This is where I stopped complaining, mostly because Tracy lay over me, smothering my now-feeble protests with her amazingly big and beautiful magnolia blossoms. . .∴ □

DOLLY

D-CUP

OUR BRAINLESS HEROINE IS TRAPPED IN PREHISTORIC TIMES WITH THE SLINKY INVENTORESS, LILA.* WHILE DOLLY HAS BECOME A GODDESS TO THE CAVEMEN, LILA HAS CONVINCED A TRIBE OF CAVEGIRLS THAT THEY'RE ONTO A WRONG NUMBER...

*MEANING SHE IS SLINKY, NOT THAT SHE INVENTED THE SPRINGY NOVELTY ITEM OF THAT NAME.

MEANWHILE, APPROACHING...

LET ME SEE IF I GOT THIS STRAIGHT, LILA... WE'RE THE GIRLS, THEY'RE THE GUYS, AND THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO FUCK US! IS THAT IT?

YEAH - SO HURRY UP! IF THIS IS WHERE THEY HANG OUT, YOU'D BETTER START INTO MAKING HISTORY FAST!

OH, MY... I'M BEGINNING TO THINK THESE FELLOWS HAVE SOMETHING **IMPROPER** ON THEIR MINDS...

AT THE CAVE...

OH, THOSE ARE GUYS? WE'VE BEEN THROWING STONES AT THEM FOR THE PAST 15 YEARS.. WE THOUGHT THEY WERE CHIMPS!

HEY, I'VE JUST SEEN MY PAL!

WHOOPEE

DOLLY! I THOUGHT I'D SEEN THE LAST OF YOU! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

JUST ABOUT! I THINK THEY WANTED TO PLAY HOSPITALS...

WHAT ARE THEY ALL DOING, LILA?

THEY'RE MAKING HISTORY

HUMPH! LOOKS MORE LIKE BIOLOGY TO ME!

WELL-WHATEVER-WE'VE GOTTA FIND THE TIME SELECTOR!

RAPE ME -OR I'LL KICK YOUR GODDAMN FACE OFF!

UG!

EVERYTHING LOOKS SO STRANGE... BUT I'M SURE THIS IS WHERE WE WERE WHEN IT WENT MISSING...

THEN LET'S START LOOKING!

DBOING DBOING

I'M SURE WE'LL FIND IT SOON...

WAIT! LISTEN...

MONCH CITY

GOLLY! IT'S A FLYING WATCHAMACALLIT!

RUN FOR YOUR LIFE, DOLLY!

THIS KIND OF SNACK DON'T COME BY EVERY DAY!

PHA-YEW! I'VE DODGED IT!

HELP! IT'S AFTER ME! OH I DON'T WANNIT TO DO TO ME WHAT IT DID TO RACKLE WENCH IN THAT MOVIE!

UURGH! A SAVAGE PLANT! I'D FORGOTTEN ABOUT VICTORIA VENTRICLE IN THE SEQUEL*

DOLLY! I'VE FOUND THE SELECTOR! DOLLY! WHERE ARE YOU?

OMIGOD! SHE'S BEEN CAUGHT BY A MAN-EATING PLANT!

DON'T JUST STAND THERE - COME AND TELL IT I'M A GIRL!

*OBSCURE JOLLIES FOR MOVIE BUFFS (OR MOVIES IN THE BUFF) - THE REST OF YOU GUYS PAY NO ATTENTION - JUST ENJOY THE TITS.

IT WON'T BUDGE HONEY! IF I CAN'T GET ANY WEED-KILLER, WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT FOR A FROST!

GUB

YIKE! WHAT'S GOING ON?

I MUST'VE ACCIDENTALLY ACTIVATED THE TIME MACHINE! FUCK KNOWS WHERE WE'LL WIND UP NOW!

NEXT TIME: FIND OUT WHAT FUCK REALLY DOES KNOW!

We met Zoey in a mudbath south of Lambeth. It just so happened that we noticed her tits.

"Hello tits," we said crudely.

"Hi," she giggled dirtily. "My name is Zoey. I'm the illegitimate child of a Greek goddess and a Transylvanian coalminer."

"Oh," we said cautiously. "Would you like to model for our magazine? We offer the best in breasts to our readers. We'll pay you lots of money and give you a bath."

"No bath," she said. "I'm a strict down the line dirt freak. Honestly, I love it to death."

"Pardon?" we questioned uncertainly.

"Sure thing man," she slanged, "I'm hot for you right now. Show me your camera and I'll flash these boobs right away. Just look at those nipples man! They're the real thing baby. Suck 'em and see. Ain't no plastic tits on me, that's for sure."

That is for certain! She's 40-24-37. Suck 'em and see!

Zoey

UNEXPECTED KNOCKERS

June stared at her reflection in the mirror, admiring her own beautiful tits. Lovingly she caressed her nipples until they stuck out, hard and erect, wondering what would happen tonight when George arrived. Her parents didn't approve of him; they said he was too old, and she supposed it did seem a little unusual that a thirty-year-old man should be going around with a young girl of her age. Still, she thought, at eighteen she was old enough to make up her own mind about her sex life.

Hungrily she licked her nipples and thought of his hard throbbing cock spurting spunk over her bared boobs. Her whole body thrilled at the thought and she caressed and squeezed her swollen orbs with excitement. Tonight, she promised herself, she would milk every drop of warm sticky come from George's balls with her tits.

It was lucky her parents were going out with her father's boss and his wife. "If they could only see the real me," she smiled to her reflection. Squirming and wriggling, wanking off his big powerful cock as it slipped up and down the velvet valley between her breasts.

Her fingers busied themselves with her nipples and she realized she was aching for sex. Tonight she would tease him with her lovely big boobs, make him really want them.

"I mustn't," she thought pulling her hand away. But why not? She was too old for spanking now! Besides, if she played with herself now she would be able to tease George better later.

Lying back on the bed, June stroked her breasts with both hands as she planned her evening. Instead of her normal virgin white bra and panties she would wear the red satin ones with the black lace frills. And after he had stripped off her bra...she would refuse to take off her knickers, just in case he got any ideas in that direction. But that wasn't likely. She was a virgin and it was her tits he wanted! Then she would wank him, teasingly, slowly, while he drooled over her breasts.

Her hands quickened their movements at the thought, and juice dribbled from her quim as she imagined his reaction to this provocative treatment. He'd be desperate, begging to be allowed to touch her tits!

Skillfully she brought herself to a climax, moaning and whimpering with delight.

George's wife, Marjorie, knew something was going on. He didn't give her the hard steady fuckings that had been his nightly custom until recently, and she guessed that there was someone else. All he seemed to think about was tits, and she cursed the tiny pair she'd got. Oh, she enjoyed the dildo she'd bought, but it wasn't quite the same.

She waited around the corner, dressed in a friend's coat so he wouldn't recognize her, watching the entrance to her husband's office, and as he left she followed him.

June took a last glance in the mirror as the doorbell rang. The red satin panties had been forgotten. She'd arranged her hair into two bunches, held up on either side of her head by virginal white ribbons and in her knee-length white socks, navy blue mini skirt and ankle strap shoes, she looked a picture of innocence—except for the see-through blouse which emphasized her bra-less cantilevered contours. Tonight she'd make sure her tits got all the attention they needed.

She pouted to herself, pleased with her sexy reflection, remembering all the boys she'd made come in their trousers, just from looking at her curvaceous body.

Marjorie watched as June opened the door and George kissed her passionately before going inside. Her green eyes glittered jealously and her heart thumped. The lucky little bitch! Whah fantastic tits! No wonder George was mesmerised. She felt like going across and bursting in on them

there and then.

But then a better idea formed in her head. That little slut should be horsewhipped! Quickly she hurried off...

June teasingly flaunted her sinuous body, posing and pouting until George was drooling with excitement, his hard cock forming a rigid tent-pole for his trousers. She smiled as she knelt at his feet, giving him a good look down the front of her blouse.

Slowly she unzipped his fly and fished out his cock. Holding it delicately between thumb and forefinger, she slowly wanked up and down, up and down. Then she reached for her blouse buttons and unfastened the top two.

She moved between his legs, brushing her nylon covered boobs against his rampant cock. Licking the end of her finger, she stroked the tip of his tool with it, purring invitingly. He unbuttoned her blouse, reaching for her large succulent breasts. The nipples were already hard and erect with passion and June was grateful that she'd played with herself before he came, otherwise she'd be begging him to suck and nibble her nipples.

But this way...she smiled to herself and tantalizingly licked her lips with her tongue, causing his cock to twitch...this way was best. A little more teasing and he'd be wanking, his fist pounding up and down in excitement as he drooled over her tits, wanking harder and harder, until he spunked, spurting lots of creamy come across her bare tits. Love juices seeped from her fanny at the thought, and she twisted her body in excitement, making him moan with pleasure as she squeezed her fleshy orbs around his throbbing cock.

Her fingers found his charged balls and weighed them, measuring the riches of hot steaming spunk they contained, spunk that she was determined would soon be jetting across her luscious breasts.

"You love my tits, don't you," she breathed, her voice husky with sultry passion.

Cupping them in her hands, she offered them to his lips.

"Suck them!" she gasped. "Oh, please suck my nipples. Cram them both into your mouth at once."

Eagerly George filled his mouth with her soft quivering titty flesh and sucked noisily with lustful desperation. June whimpered with pleasure as his tongue whipped wetly across each teat in turn, while his fingers kneaded the pliant dough-like flesh.

Suddenly his teeth closed around her nipple, causing her to cry out in agonized ecstasy while his nails cruelly nipped the satin soft skin of her rosy colored aureolae.

June pulled away. Standing up, she stepped out of her mini-skirt as he pulled off the blouse. George reached for her knickers and tried to jerk them down, but she slapped his hands away and walked across the room, hooking her thumbs inside the whispy satin and pulling them firmly back up.

"You know what I like!" she pouted. "I hope so...because I'm keeping these knickers on...So you just do exactly as you're told...or I'll go and put my blouse on. And it won't be a see-through one either!"

Love juices seeped from her fanny at the thought, and she twisted her body in excitement, making him moan with pleasure as she squeezed her fleshy orbs around his throbbing cock.

"No..." gasped George. "Oh, please June...let me suck your tits again."

She felt a flush of power. She'd done it! He was enslaved by her tits. He'd do anything she commanded.

"Look at my body," she whispered softly, "and imagine how my soft smooth peaches would feel against your hard cock. Look at me...and wank it! Do it, George. Get down on your knees and worship my breasts."

She laughed triumphantly as he hurriedly obeyed, prick-teased into submission. She caressed her breasts fondly, etching tiny red lines into her milky white flesh with her pointed fingernails. These were the only weapons she needed to dominate any man. She watched, fascinated, as his fist jerked up and down, his balls bouncing in time to the jiggling of her breasts.

She felt his eyes riveted to her nipples, just like the eyes of all the men who stared at her when she was walking down the street. She imagined herself walking naked through the High Street...traffic grinding to a halt...hundreds of men wanking off in tribute to her terrific tits.

June swayed dizzily, drunk with the heady excitement of power and lust. Her fingers found her teats and she began to twist and stretch them between her stabbing talon-like nails.

"George!" she gasped. "Come up here...spurt your spunk across my tits...Oh, I'm coming, I'm coming..."

George's body stiffened as he gushed hot spunk across those succulent breasts.

"Mmmm, that was fantastic," he gasped. "June, you're the sexiest little prick-teaser I've ever wanked over...But it's late," he grinned, looking at the clock. "I've got to dash. I'll phone!"

Zipping up his trousers, he rushed out of the door.

June didn't care. She'd finished with him anyway. What use was a man after his balls were empty?

She lay on the floor, massaging the creamy spunk into her melon-like boobs and sighed with contentment. She'd made a man go down on his knees and wank over her tits... even if she'd been unable to control herself in the end. Men! In a way she hated them. They were such fools! She sighed dreamily and closed her eyes, reliving the experience.

A knock at the door! George must have forgotten something. Languidly June opened the door...and gasped with surprise.

The tall slender, leather-clad woman pushed June quickly back into the hall and pointed with the riding crop she carried at June's tits.

"I suppose that's my George's spunk!" she hissed.

"*Your* George!" gasped June. "Who are you...what are you doing with that whip?"

"Any girl who carries on like you deserves to have her tits whipped," smiled Marjorie nastily. "But first I

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"I can't type, and I can't take dictation—but I can't get pregnant either."

Letters

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

my feet, 'her favorite position,' so she said. As she rode me to another delightful climax I was given the enormous erotic pleasure of watching her plump bottom moving provocatively as she bounced up and down.

By now I was exhausted and quite incapable of any further sex, yet she was demanding more and became quite agitated when I insisted I just couldn't manage to keep going. Reluctantly she accepted I wasn't man enough for her.

"That was the real trouble with my husband, he wasn't interested in me sexually any more and he just couldn't manage."

Well, the upshot was we concluded our business. I got her her divorce...not on the grounds of cruelty needless to say. Poor little devil, I felt sorry for him. Like myself he certainly wasn't man enough for a woman like this.

—G.A.
Tampa, Florida

Did she have to pay stamp duty I wonder?

BIG TITS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

ban housewife to have humongously huge hooters? Even though I spotted a lot of them during my travels, I was almost afraid to pose this question for fear of being taken as a pervert, lunatic...or worse. When I finally got my chance, it wasn't even planned. I was sitting quietly in a park in San Francisco when a pleasant-looking women in her late twenties sat down to share the bench. She was supervising her three kids, all boys, who were playing in the kiddie park a few yards away.

At first when we began to talk it about nothing special. She was just the talkative type and I was there. At first I didn't even notice how big her boobs were. I just took in the fact that she had streaky honey-blonde hair and was overweight in a pleasant Renoirlike way. Then we warmed up to each other and I told her about my magazine assignment.

"Well, I don't mind talking about my tits," Jamie said. "To tell you the truth, at this stage of my life, they're more of a burden than a blessing. It's like they got even bigger through my three pregnancies, I put on weight all over, and I really don't feel like a sex symbol anymore. Finding clothes to fit is also a problem; even clothes that are big enough elsewhere are too tight in the tit area. I've even lost weight lately, and I still have trouble finding tops that will accommodate my size 42-DD tits."

How about her husband—does he go crazy over her tits? I asked my new friend Jamie.

"It's really sad, but since I had three kids so close together our sexlife has gone down the drain," Jamie admitted. "I don't think Ken thinks of me as a sexual person anymore. When I first got pregnant, he loved it that my tits got even bigger than usual —he was all over me, even up to the ninth month. But now I don't seem to excite him at all, not even my big tits.

"I see other men, strangers, staring at them though," Jamie went on, her face brightening up. "And sometimes having strange men staring at my tits, probably even getting a hard-on as they stare, gets me so excited that I go home and masturbate."

To Jenny, 19 and a coed at a university in Indiana, her big tits are definitely turn-on targets—not only to her fellow male students, but to herself. "I look in the mirror at my body when I masturbate," Jenny confided. "Since I have a roommate, I go into the bathroom (we have our own, thank god). We have a full-length mirror on the back of the bathroom door, and I stand in front of it in the nude, and I run my hands all over my body. I usually coat them with baby oil or some kind of lube. I love the feeling of my hands gliding over and over my boobs. I love it that my boobs are so huge and round. I love the way they hang there, sort of lunging off my body in an aggressive way. I love my big boobs—I really do. They get me hot as hell!

"I rub and rub my tits until the nipples are sticking out. Then I pinch those poking points between my fingers until my nipples ache and tingle, and the waves of pleasure run down my belly, all the way to my clit. Then I begin to frig my clit and probe my wet, slippery pussy with one hand while I pinch my nipples with the other. It doesn't take long at all until my body convulses and I climax like crazy, watching my tits in the mirror while I come. They turn all rosy and red, like a rash, when I climax. It's great. I only wish I could find a boyfriend who'd get off on my big titties

"I see other men, strangers, staring at them, though," Jamie went on, her face brightening up. "And sometimes having strange men staring at my tits, probably even getting a hard-on as they stare, gets me so excited that I go home and masturbate."

as much as I do!"

All I can say is that the guys at that university must be stone blind or stupid—or both, because Jenny's firm, luscious tits deserve all the attention in the world!

During the course of my interviews, I ran across a pretty, 25-year-old blonde named Bonnie. She was short of stature, but with a strong, muscular build, crowned by extremely large, shelflike tits. I wasn't surprised to learn that she was a phys. ed. teacher, but as we talked I was a bit surprised to learn that she was a practicing lesbian wih a steady lover. But since Bonnie also liked men and had sex with them from time to time, her erotic orientation was more accurately bisexual.

What is it like for a lesbian to have big tits?

"It's no different from a straight woman having them, I guess," Bonnie told me. "I mean, any woman with big boob gets extra attention from men. As for me, I get extra attention from both men *and* women, and I have to admit that I like it. As far as lovemaking is concerned, I find

that female lovers lavish more loving care on my breasts than male partners. Males love the sight of big tits, but after a few licks and squeezes, they start fucking you and that's that. Female lovers, on the other hand, spend more time arousing your body. They stroke and caress your boobs, then kiss and lick them before moving down to your pussy. I always get off better with female lovers. They make sure I come and come and come, while men make sure *they* come."

So, readers, the verdict is in. During the course of my research (and I interviewed many more women than I was able to quote here) I found that most women who have big tits consider them a blessing, not a burden. Most big-boobed babes love the way their bazongas attract male attention, and also the way their giant jugs respond to sexual stimulation from both themselves and others. To sum up, the best news of all for your guys is that women who have big whoppers love to share the wealth! □

expertly licked it, doing all the things she knew from experience that tongues could do to tits.

The rest was easy!

June squealed and screamed with delight as Marjorie's teeth tortured her breasts with deliciously painful love-bites. She whimpered with agonized ecstasy as the older woman tongue tortured her teats until she was sobbing for release. And to make her triumph complete Marjorie stripped herself naked and, parting the lips of her cunt, maneuvered it over June's nipple and writhed her clitty against it.

Marjorie smiled down at June. "Who needs George anyway," she laughed. "He's only good for ten minutes at the best of times!"

"If I'd kown you before I would never have bothered with him at all," pouted June.

Her body squirmed with passion as Marjorie's sucking slit tantalized her nipples. Marjorie was going to come over her tits. . . yet again! □

ed me. She stood, like an Amazon; hands on hips, boobs thrusting at me.

"There's plenty of time," she giggled.

"I've waited long enough," I replied, scrambling out of my jeans.

She unfastened her dress. I held my breath spellbound as it fell away from her body. I knew they were big, but even so, I couldn't contain a gasp of astonishment at the huge pendulous expanse that spilled over the restrictive half cup bra she was wearing. The big nipples were stiff and engorged. The skin immediately surrounding them was a deep brown, but the rest was an even creamy white.

Her fingers toyed provocatively with the nipples, pulling the crinkled flesh. This time I made a successful grab at her, she didn't resist as I pushed her onto the sofa. With a moan I buried my face in her flesh. My hands searched for and found the fastening of her bra. I pulled it off and weighed her boobs in my hands, sinking my teeth into them.

"Squeeze them, bite them," she moaned, her body and her breasts shaking uncontrollably. My teeth closed over her right tit, giving it a playful nibble. She screamed breath-

Knockers

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53

may as well lick up George's spunk. After all, he's *my* husband!"

Marjorie lapped the first tongueful of creamy come from the delightfully erect nipple. George had really shot his load. Why, she hadn't seen so much spunk for. . .

"If you want your revenge. . ." June was saying, her voice breathless, almost a whisper, ". . .you might as well enjoy it. . ."

Marjorie couldn't believe it. The filthy little slut was actually offering her tits to the older woman's lips. No wonder George couldn't help himself. Any man would do almost anything to get his hands on such a firm, perfect pair of boobs as these.

As would certain women!

Dropping the riding crop on the floor, she changed her plan. It was not on June she should take her revenge. . .but George! Marjorie was almost drooling as she sucked the coral pink nipple into her mouth and

Bizarre

CONTINUED ON PAGE 12

back to the wheel.

"Just drive, we'll get there quicker," she breathed.

I turned the driving mirror back to its proper place and tried to concentrate on controlling the car.

"Next turn left," she said at last. "And it's first on the right."

We stopped outside a block of garden apartments. In the back, Bill and Dianne disentangled themselves and climbed out. I locked the doors and followed the others to the elevator. Bill and Dianne were arm in arm, his hand caressing her ass.

In the elevator, Babs and I were able to get at each other at last. She hugged me to her, pushing her tits into my chest. I felt their heat, the hard nipples digging into me, and I was desperate to get her inside.

Giggling as she fumbled for his zipper, Dianne led Bill through the hall to what I assumed was the bedroom. I made a grab for Babs, but she evad-

"Squeeze them, bite them," she moaned, her body and her breasts shaking uncontrollably. My teeth closed over her right tit, giving it a playful nibble.

lessly and her nails raked down my back. The harder I squeezed and the more I bit, the better she seemed to like it.

Finally she pushed me away. Her hands closed over my cock and she slipped off the sofa to lie on the floor. I kissed her, pushing my tongue deep into her mouth. She guided one of my hands to her crotch. I pushed her panties down and slipped my fingers into her dripping cunt. My fingers squished around in her copious juices, while my thumb flicked against her swollen clit. She raised

herself up on an elbow and took my prick in her mouth, her teeth nibbling delicately around the glans. Her hands massaged my balls and slipped between my legs, kneading and scratching my ass.

I pulled away and swung around until I was kneeling above her, facing her feet. Then I bent down to suck her asscheeks. She took her tits in her hands and I felt their warmth close around my prick, enveloping it in their softness. She squeezed them against it, pushing at them, tweaking the nipples between thumbs and forefingers.

I felt the heat coming from her sticky thighs. My tongue snaked out to probe her hole. Her long limbs shook, and her taut fleshy thighs quivered against my head. I thrust my tongue deeper into her liquid depths, running my fingers around her ass and over her ass crack. She bit me.

"I'm coming!" She sreamed so loudly, the room seemed to echo with the sound. With difficulty I held back my sperm, longing to come, but not wanting it to end too soon.

Her sweat filmed body gradually stopped its convulsive shuddering, and I moved off her. Her hands fell away from her tits, and I could see the marks of her fingers showing pink against the white flesh. It felt as though she'd taken a chunk out of my bottom.

She moaned and opened her eyes, pushing damp curls back from her face as she smiled at me.

"Good boy," she murmured, catching sight of my stiffly throbbing prick. "You haven't come."

"Still plenty of life in it yet," I said. I reached out to touch the marks on her boobs and began to run my fingers around their contours. She shivered as I touched them, and suddenly rolled over onto her front, hiding them from my view. She knelt up on hands and knees, the pendulous orbs swinging invitingly. My cock was throbbing and my balls felt tight. I knew I couldn't go much longer with the relief of orgasm.

She presented her ass to me. "Fuck my hole properly," she begged. "With that beautiful big dick of yours." I moved behind her to oblige. I ran my hands lightly over her ass and round her slim waist to hold her boobs. I weighed them in my hands. They spilled over my fingers. Suddenly I dug my nails into them.

She caught her breath, and jerked her bottom at me. Her back arched and she waggled her hips. My cock swung towards her quim, and pushed between the swollen sticky lips into the rippling depths.

"Aagh," she yelled, impaling herself on it. "Screw the ass off me."

Needing no second invitation I rammed it home. Her muscles rippled around my tool, holding it tightly in her hot sheath. She squealed and moaned as I jerked in and out. My fingers pulled at her boobs, twisting and nipping the tips. The tension in my loins was now building to an unbearable pitch. I had to let go.

"I'm going to come," I grunted as my hot spunk burst into her vagina, flooding it with my sticky liquid. Her muscles moved and squeezed every drop from my shrinking cock. For a few second, we stayed motionless, until my limp prick slipped from her hole amidst a flood of come.

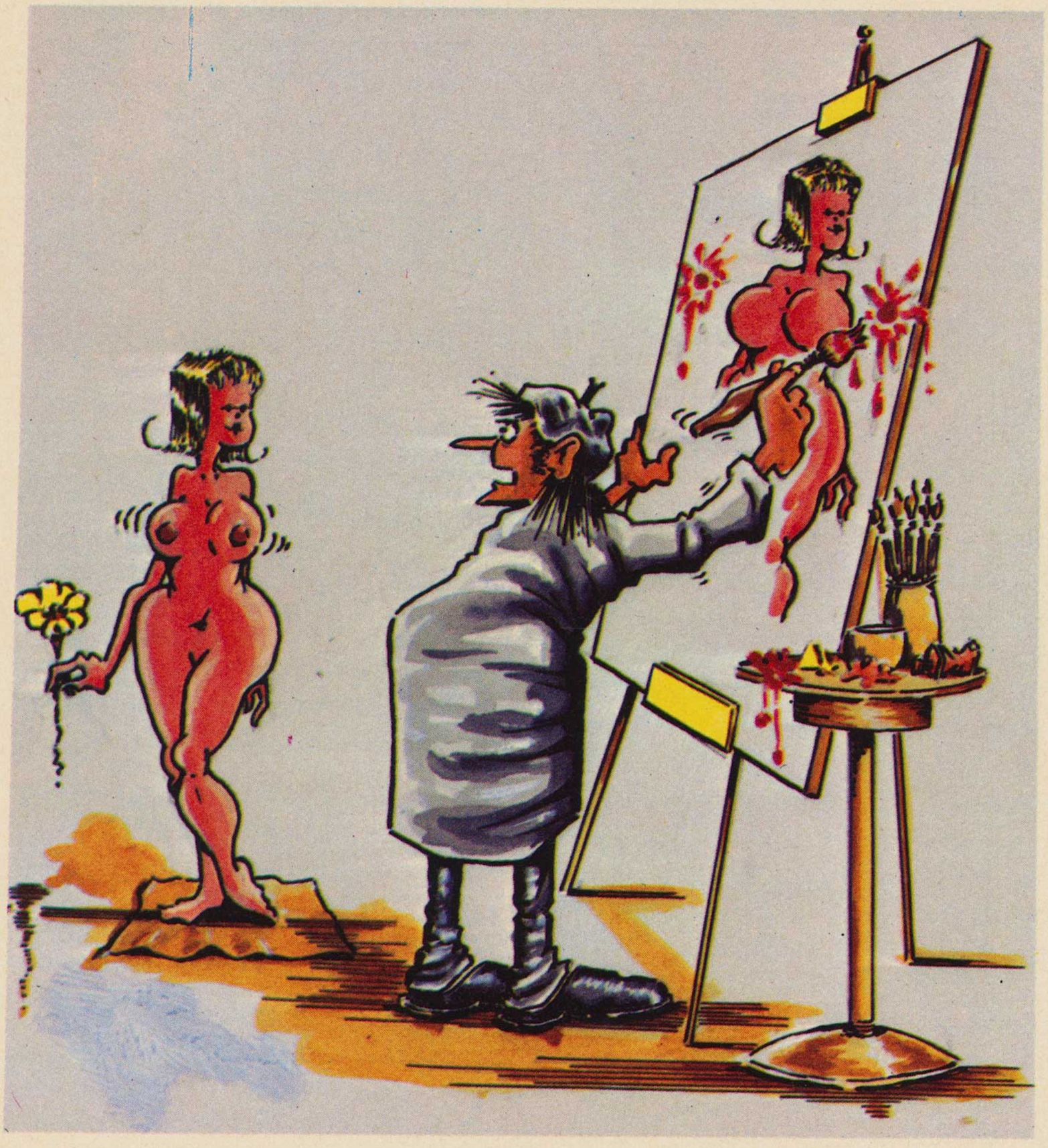
With a deep sigh, she reached for the box of tissues and mopped at herself, while I sat back on the rug, exhausted but content. I was happy just to look at her and admire the sight of her boobs, secure in my intimate knowledge of them.

I grinned at her as she stood up.

"I haven't had such a good time for ages," she said. "Most blokes are rather overawed and expect me to be a dominatrix type. Since I'm rather the opposite, it has sometimes made things awkward."

I reached out to stroke her thighs. She patted my hand, then turned and went to the bathroom.

Bill and Dianne came into the room. I assumed from the pink-



"DAMMIT!!...HOLD YER TITTIES STILL!"

tinged limpness of his cock that Bill'd had a satisfying time. Dianne switched on the fire and went to make coffee.

"Feeling better, buddy?" I asked as Bill sat down on the sofa.

He sighed contentedly and lay back. "I'd almost forgotten how good it could be. Shirley's not been very obliging recently."

Babs came back from the bathroom looking fresh and clean. She sat next to me and let me play with her boobs.

Soon, Dianne returned with the coffee. I studied her as she carried the tray. Her legs looked better still, when not half-hidden by her skirt. She was really tiny compared to Babs. I squeezed Babs's tits gently. She rested her head on my shoulders. There was really no contest between the two. For me, Babs would win every time, though Bill obviously thought the same about Dianne.

"You going to stay the night?" asked Babs dreamily. "There's room for you in my bed any time." She gave my prick a squeeze: I felt it stir and think about coming to life again.

"Yes," I said, lowering my eyes to her boobs. "I'm not letting these out of my sight again in a hurry. Here's to you, Bill," I laughed. "This is the first time I've felt even remotely kindly disposed to that bitch of a wife of yours, but if it wasn't for her, we wouldn't be here."

"We'll all drink to that," said Dianne raising her coffee cup. We did. □

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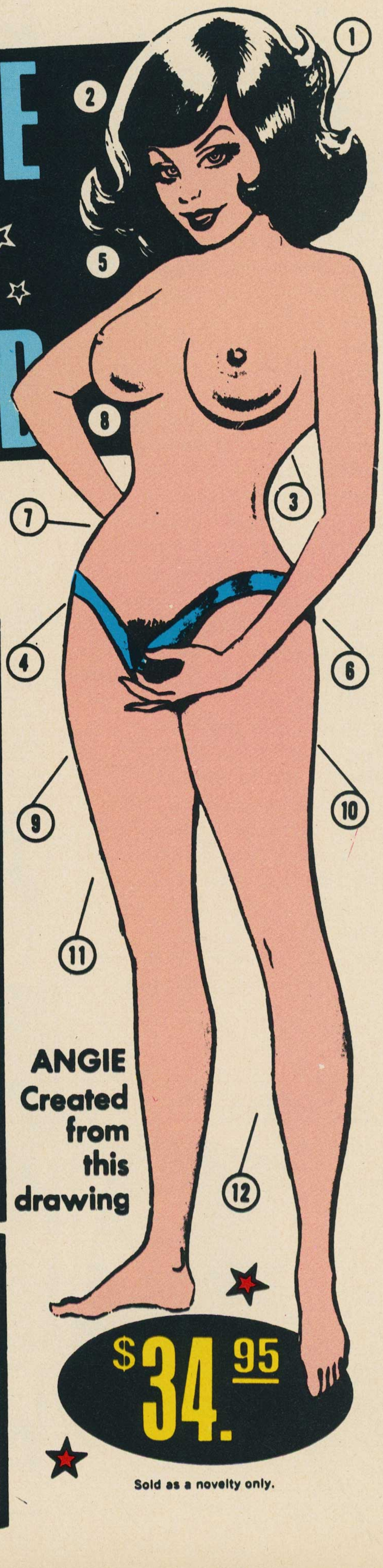
"ANGIE"



Angie the Doll, 10 years ahead of her time!

Introducing the next best thing to a woman — Angie, absolutely the most "humanlike" life-like doll ever created. Disregard all other ads you've ever read about any other doll because Angie has them all beat by far! Angie is at least ten years ahead of her time. Besides having an ironclad money-back guarantee, Angie comes complete with the following extremely realistic features: **"New Design" Makes All Other Dolls Obsolete**

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Very pretty face and head with soft kissable lips that part, including a throat that's 7" deep, to allow Angie to give a man better deep throat than most women! (3) Soft, fleshy, vinyl skin that warms to the human touch, and is more lifelike than ever (4). The most lifelike, soft genital area ever to be created on a female doll including a penetrable 7" deep vagina,

Human-Like Features DRESS HER UP

The "clearcut" feature that you definitely can make love to Angie, because of the above features, and that nothing is left to the imagination. (Other doll ads in the past have often times offered a doll that either doesn't exist or just isn't what the ad says.) (6) You can dress Angie up anyway you like. She is 5'4" tall and wears a similar size to that of a real woman of similar height. You can make Angie trim or plump depending on how much air she is inflated with (7). BUILT IN FEMALE ORGAN DETAILED BREASTS

The most durable vinyl skin ever created for a lifesize doll, with no exceptions (8). The most realistic soft, spongy breasts complete with nipples you can nibble on, ever to be put on a lifesize doll. Angie's breasts (size 34C) cannot be described, for you must see them to appreciate their beauty (9). **Remote Control — Electronic**

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Why wait? You won't find a lifesize doll anywhere that's more like a real woman than Angie at a similar price, and we guarantee it. We designed her. We manufactured her. We imported her, and most important, we guarantee her. "Angie— Order now.

ANGIE Created from this drawing

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4.b	49.95	23.	9.95	40.a	5.95	51.c	4.95
5.a	49.95	24.	7.95	40.b	5.95	52.	24.95
5.b	49.95	25.	19.95	40.c	5.95	53.	8.95
6.	39.95	26.	16.95	41.	4.95	54.	3.95
7.	19.95	27.	4.95	42.	24.95	55.	6.95
8.	21.95	28.a	5.95	43.a	9.95	56.a	4.95
9.	19.95	28.b	5.95	43.b	9.95	56.b	4.95
10.	29.95	28.c	5.95	44.a	8.95	56.c	4.95
11.	6.95	29.	5.95	44.b	8.95	57.	6.69
12.	24.95	30.	7.95	44.c	8.95	58.	7.95
13.	14.95	31.	9.95	45.a	9.95	59.	8.95
14.	34.95	32.	7.95	45.b	7.95	60.	4.00
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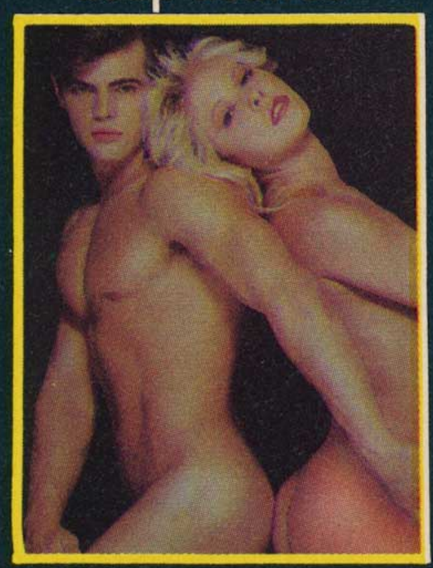

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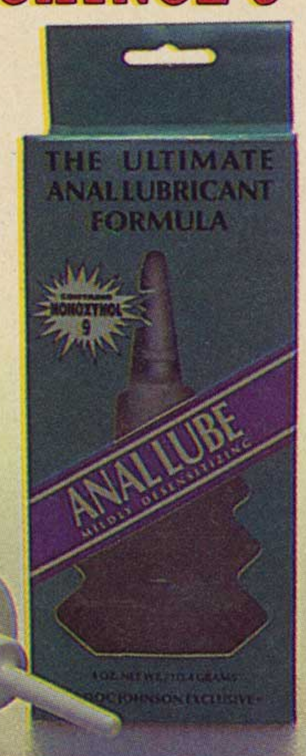

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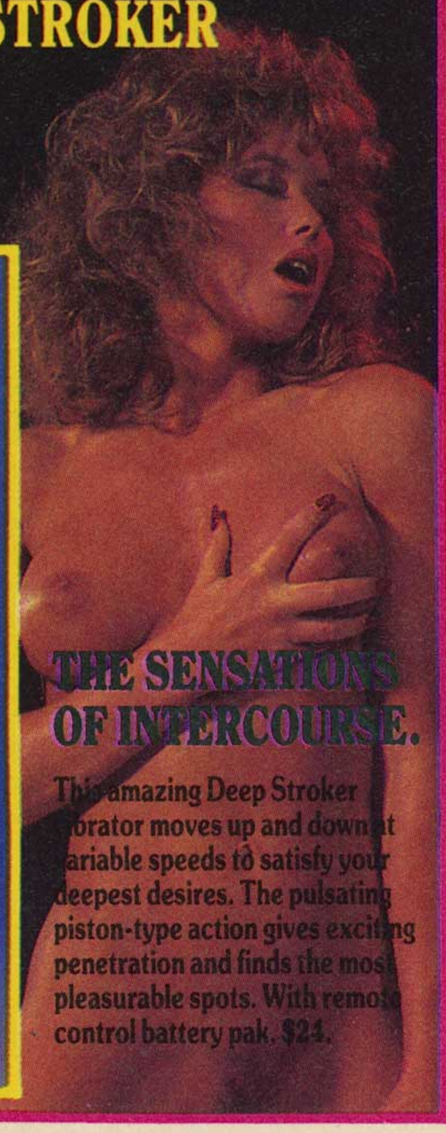

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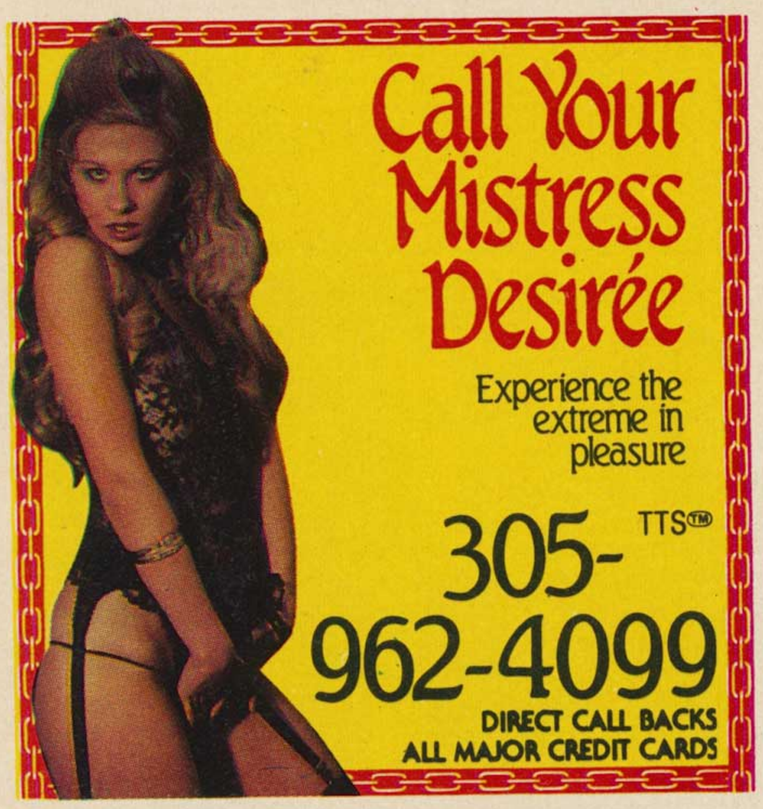

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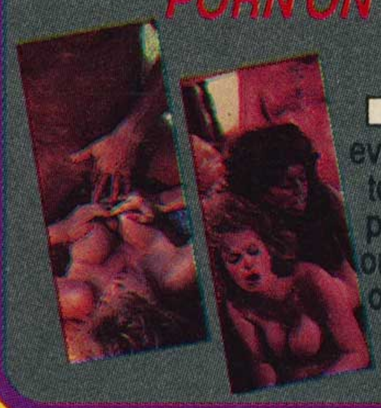

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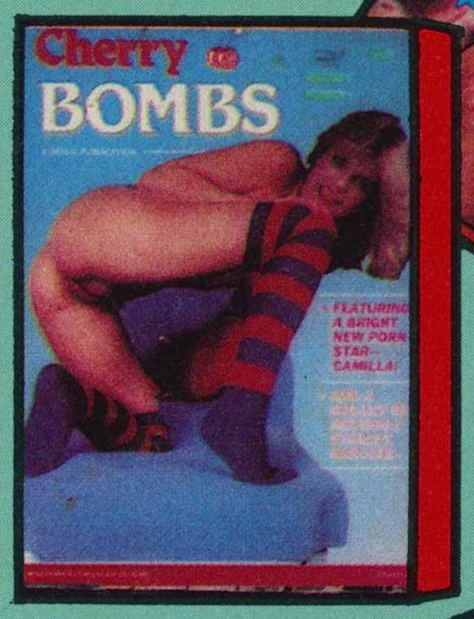

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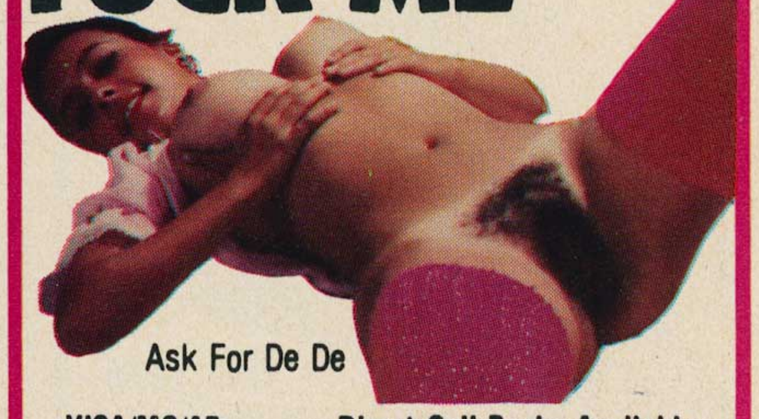

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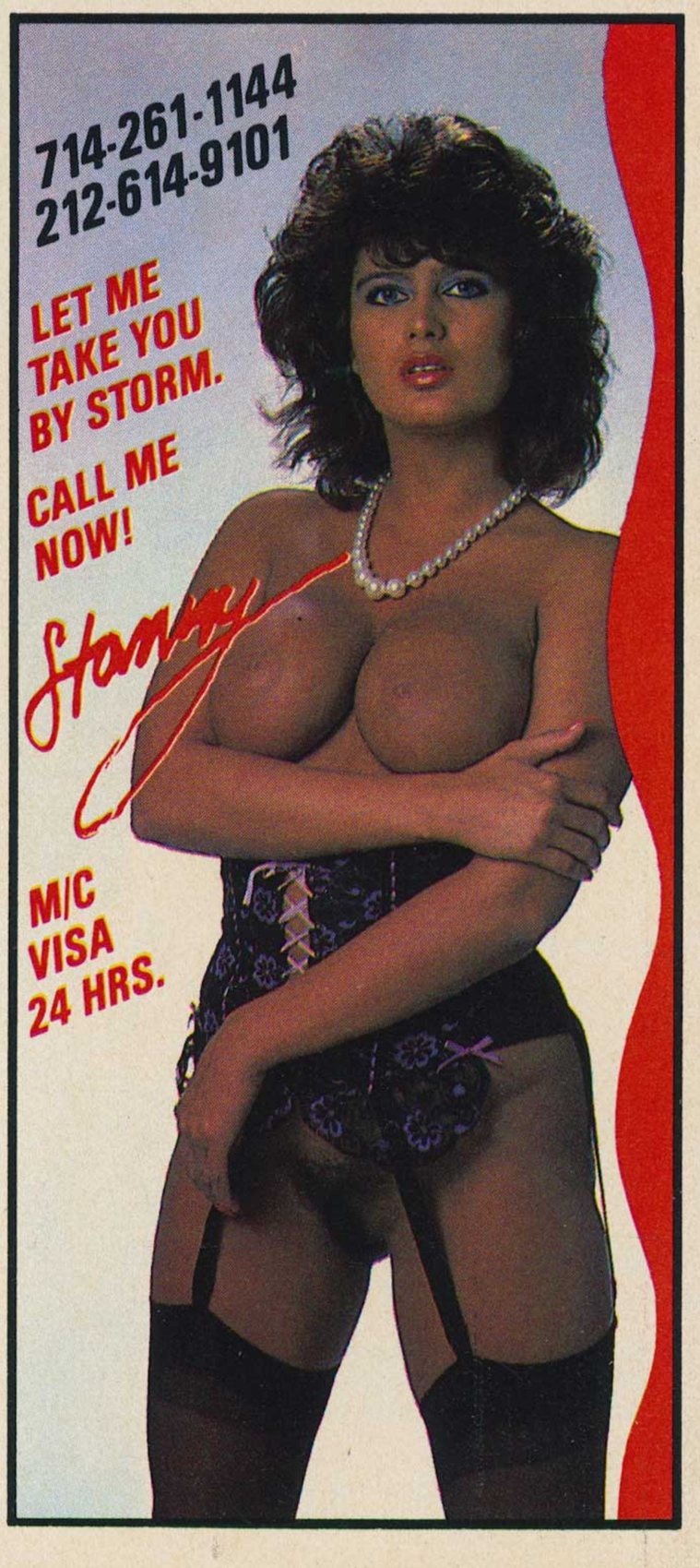

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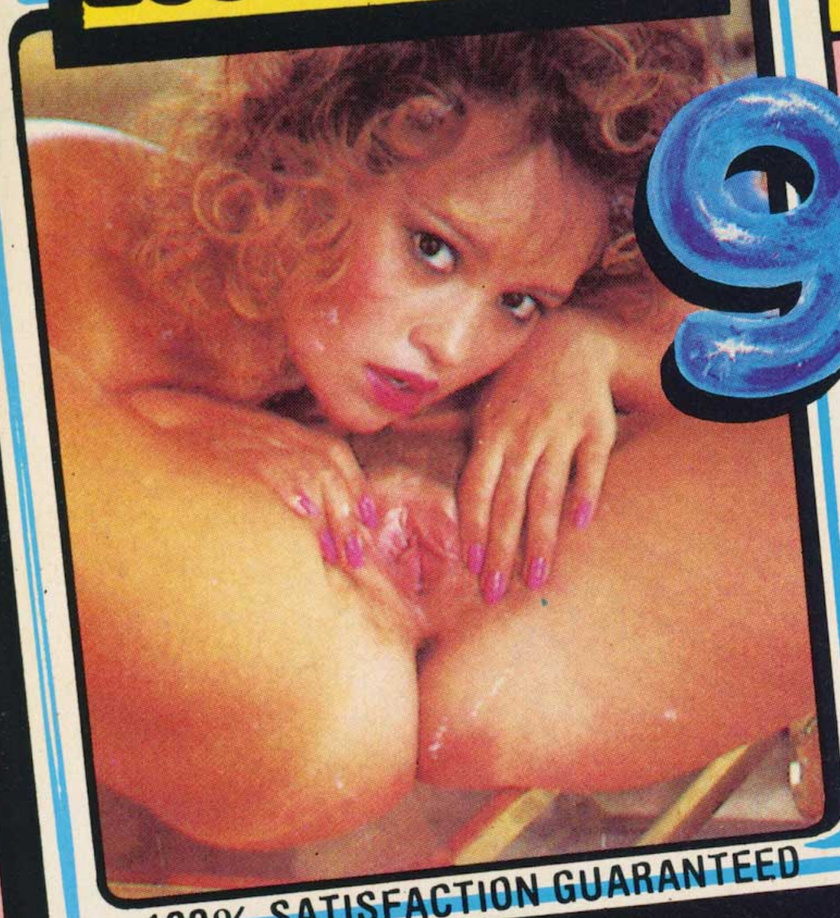

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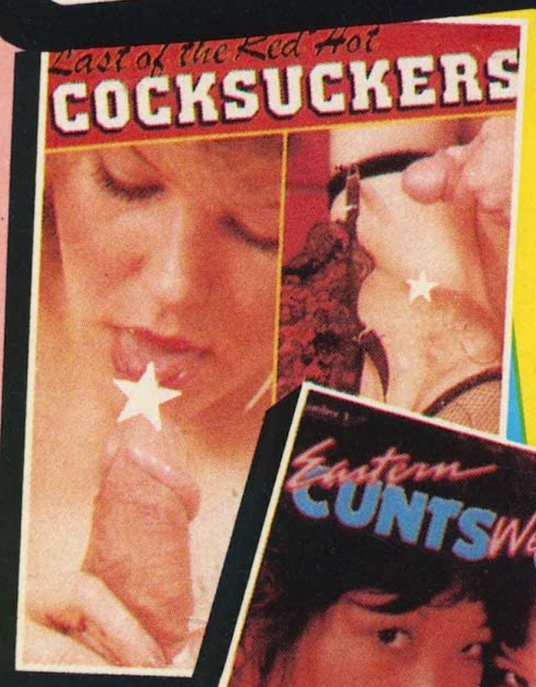

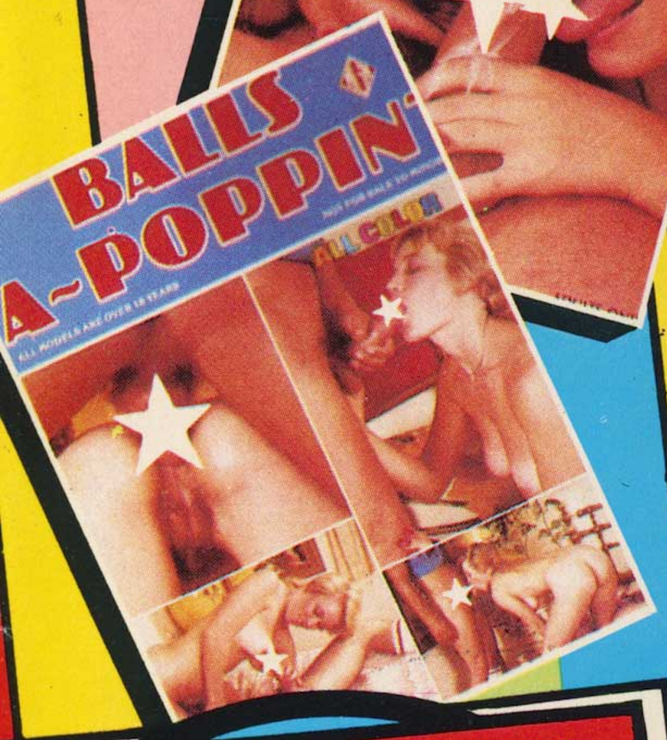

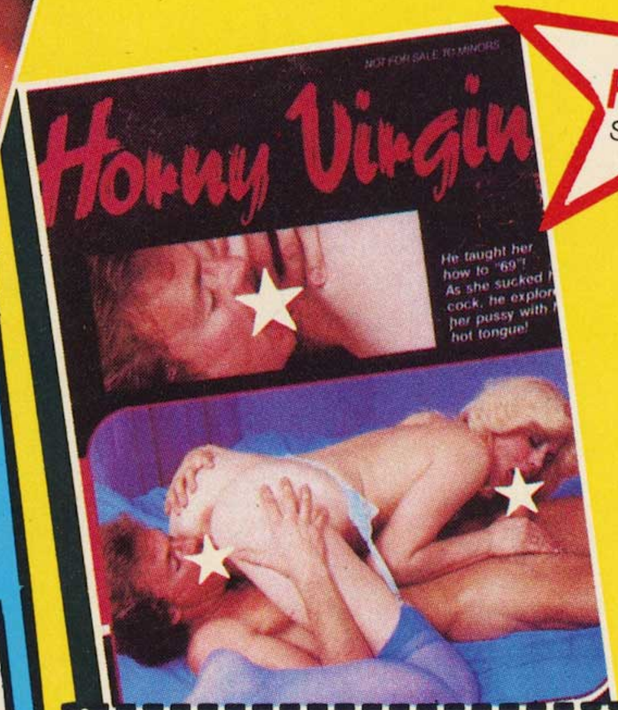

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